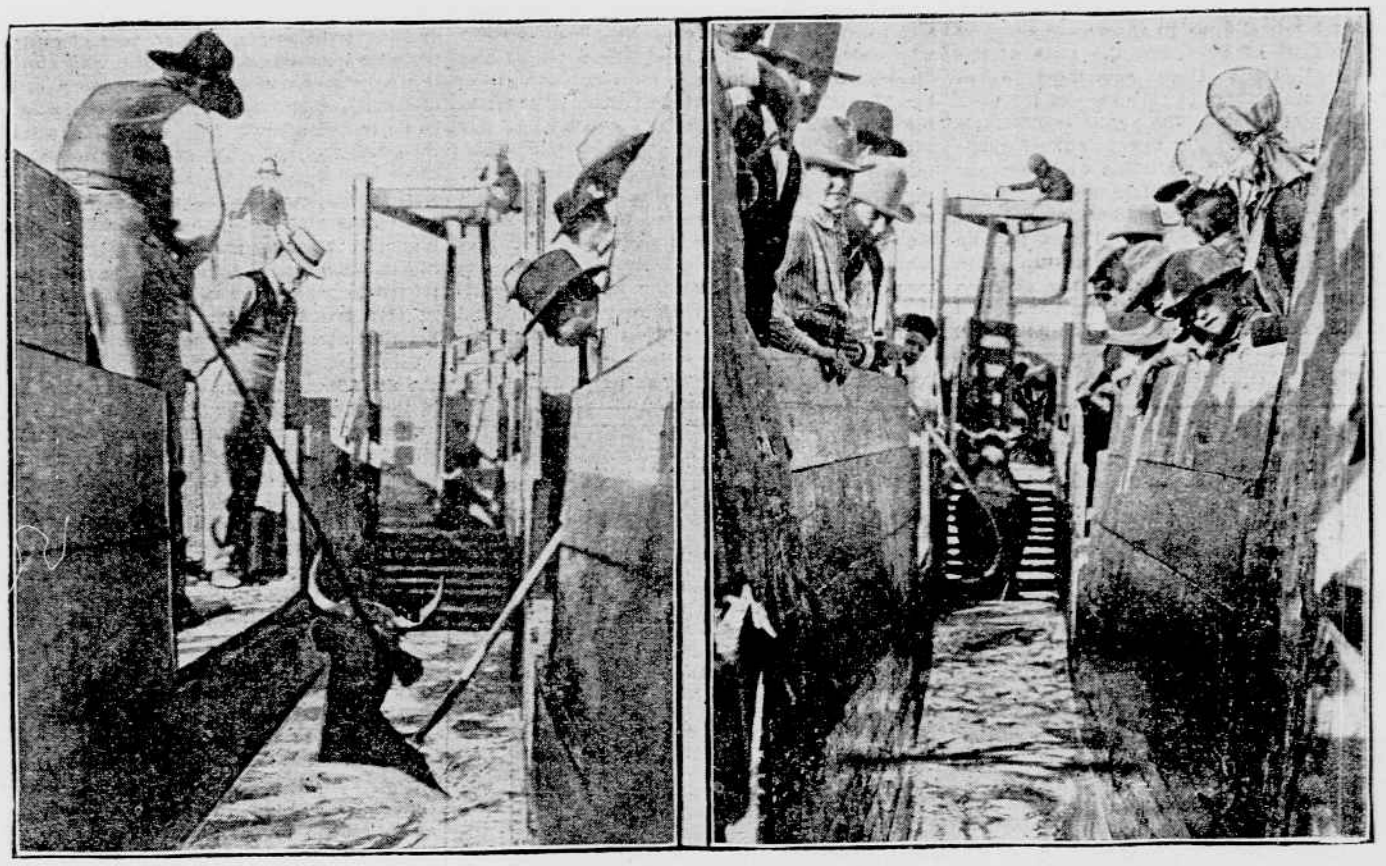


KILLING PARASITES ON TEXAS CATTLE BY MAKING THEM SWIM THROUGH A BATH OF CRUDE PETROLEUM.

MEMORIAL TO COL. COLT.

The Widow of the Revolver Inventor Will Erect a Statue.

The widow of Colonel Samuel Colt, the inventor and maker of the revolvers known by that name all over the world, will shortly begin the erection of a memorial to her husband. J. Massey Rhind, the sculptor, is the designer.

The memorial will consist of a bronze statue on a granite pedestal, flanked with granite exedræ bearing two bronze plates and a small bronze statue, all standing on a tier of six granite steps. The first statue will be a figure of Colonel Colt of heroic size, showing him dressed in the great fur coat he used to wear. Directly in front of this statue, but lower on the tier of steps, will be a figure of the colonel as a sailor boy whittling out a model of a revolver, as Colonel Colt did.

The exedræ stand out from the pedestal under the principal statue at right angles, instead of in curves, as is more common. The bronze tablets on the extremities of the exedræ will show in bass-relief the memorable occasion when the British House of Commons admitted Colonel Colt to address them—said to be the only instance of its kind in history—and the presentation of two gold rings by the Czar of Russia to Colonel Colt. At the ends of the exedræ granite seats will project at right angles.

The site for the memorial will be the spot of ground known as the "sacred acre" in Mrs. Colt's large place at Hartford, Conn. It was there that Colonel Colt and his two children were buried, although the bodies were later transferred to a cemetery. This spot is on the brow of a hill overlooking the large tract of land along the Connecticut River which Colonel Colt redeemed from inundation by building at his own cost an immense dike, and the buildings of the Colt Works. It is hinted that upon her death Mrs. Colt will leave her place, including the memorial and the land around it, to the city of Hartford.

PETROLEUM BATHS.

Used to Prevent Cattle from Getting Splenetic Fever.

The government quarantine line against splenetic fever in Texas just about bisects the cattle district of that great State. For many years there was an open season lasting about six weeks, during which cattle from the infected area were allowed to be taken into other States. After close and careful observation and experimenting, however, it was found that splenetic fever was conveyed by ticks; that where no ticks existed there could be no fever; also that the fever ticks were confined to a certain area. Soon after the discovery a law was enforced restraining "ticky" cattle from crossing the line at any time. As there was at that time no way of successfully ridding large herds of cattle of ticks, owners below the line were at a disadvantage, because this barred them from the competitive feeder markets at the North.

In this case the cowman had a knotty problem to deal with. While the killing of ticks on a few gentle animals was easy, to handle hundreds of wild cattle at a cost of time and material in any way possible seemed, after many attempts, hopeless. It soon became evident that should any treatment of value be discovered the only economical way of applying it would be by dipping in tanks of some liquid. The fact that a fortune awaited the man who hit on a sure cure afforded a rare opportunity. Naturally, several appeared and much experimenting followed, not infrequently with direful results. The early dips contained a high percentage of carbolic acid; the tick was tough, and this acid does not discriminate. While not sufficiently strong to kill all the ticks, it was far too severe on the cattle, large numbers of which failed to survive the ordeal.

At this critical period some man in the southern part of Texas noticed the peculiar qualities contained in the crude petroleum oil of that region. While its effect on vermin of all kinds was deadly, when applied to the hands it was harmless beyond a slight tingling sensation. This led him to try it on "ticky" cattle, and the way it killed all these pests was so satisfactory that the news quickly spread, and before long several official tests were made, which proved the efficacy of the oil dip beyond any doubt.

Crude petroleum of a certain grade from the Gulf districts is now the recognized dip of the Bureau of Animal Industry, and all "ticky" cattle which have been dipped with this product under the supervision of one of its officials can go to any part of the country at all seasons. An excavation of dimensions sufficient to admit the insertion of a tank some thirty feet long by four wide and ten deep is made. Into this tank the dip is poured to a depth of seven feet.

From the corral where the herd is held in readiness a narrow chute leads, and comes to an abrupt termination at the tank. The last few feet decline sharply and are covered with zinc to make them slippery. The cattle are driven through separately, where, on reaching the end of the chute, with a drop of three feet, they strike the dip, and are entirely immersed. On each side of the tank assistants, with the aid of forked sticks, push the head of each animal under at intervals, until every part has been thoroughly saturated.

After the required time has elapsed they are allowed to pass out into the drying pens. The short space of time required to handle a large number of cattle by a small force of men is one of the surprising features in connection with this mode of dipping, as well as the simplicity of the proceedings.

AN UNANSWERED QUESTION.

The Sphinx's riddle had just been guessed.

"Never mind," she cried gayly, "I've got another: Why does a woman get off a car backward?"

As this remained unanswered, she felt her prestige restored.

SNUBBED.

Cecil—A penny for your thoughts, Miss Rose.

Miss Rose—It wouldn't be right for me to take it. I was merely thinking of you.—(Illustrated Bits.

HEARD IN BUENOS AYRES.

Many Strange Street Sounds Noted by Visitors.

By Pemberton Smith.

Every large city has certain street sounds that are common to them all, but every city also has certain street sounds that are peculiar to itself and that instantly bring the city to one's mind when heard elsewhere, just as a fleeting perfume often brings back the recollection of some person, long since forgotten, with whom the perfume was associated.

Buenos Ayres has the reputation of being one of the noisy cities of the world, and there are not only all the sounds common to all great cities constantly assailing the ear, but there are several that are distinctly local.

The one most likely to first attract attention, because it is only heard elsewhere to express contempt or disapprobation, is the sharp emission of air through the teeth, causing a hissing sound.

One cannot be on the streets of Buenos Ayres five minutes without hearing what to the untrained ear is a distinct hiss, such as we use in the theatre to bring sharply to book those thoughtless people who talk out loud in the midst of the overture, or, more rarely, to express our discontent at a particularly bad piece of acting or singing; and it is only when one has been here for some little time that one's ear differentiates the "s-s-s" made entirely with the tongue and teeth, used also by the Argentines in condemnation, from the "pst-pst" made with the lips, which means primarily—stop!

Thus, if the driver of a wagon or carriage is mounting to his seat and the horses start before he can take the lines, he emits a sharp "pst," and the horses instantly stop.

If you are in a streetcar or cab and wish to stop, or you are on the sidewalk and wish to hail a car or cab, you simply hiss and the car stops, or the cabman instantly looks in your direction and comes to pick you up.

The most curious use of it, however, is to attract the attention of a friend passing on the opposite side of a street, or one who is ahead of you whom you wish to overtake, and the first time that a foreigner is hissed at in this way he feels distinctly insulted, but one soon gets used to it, as every one does it, and accepts it, and you unconsciously find yourself following their example.

It is really a most penetrating sound, and it instantly arrests the attention, no matter what other noises may be going on about one, and it is especially efficient in a crowded open air café, where the noises of the street are combined with the talking and laughing, as it never fails to bring an acknowledgment from your waiter that he has heard you, no matter how much he may be absorbed in serving or in talking.

Another sound that any one who has visited Buenos Ayres will recall is the rather weird musical note that all the horsecar drivers blow on approaching an intersecting street to prevent a collision, an ordinary cow's horn without ornamentation of any kind being used to produce this sound, four distinct notes in an ascending scale being blown, and the sound is certainly distinctive.

We are all of us in New-York used to the musical notes of the coach horn, and know how every one stops to watch the jolly party go by, so that when one hears on the street here for the first time a sound something like it, but without any gayety in the notes, each one being held much longer and pitched in a high, mournful key, one's interest is instantly aroused as to what may be coming.

All one sees at first is a man on a bicycle riding as hard as he can, blowing a bugle about two feet long, with twice as many keys as the bugles at home.

From the way the carriages scatter, however, he is evidently clearing the way for something, and up the street, a block or so away, one sees the fire engines coming tearing along, the bicycle man keeping well ahead with his melancholy long sustained note of warning, plainly distinguishable long after he has passed.

No one who visited the World's Fair in Chicago will forget the sad eyed Oriental who sat outside the gates of the various side shows on the Midway and blew all day long on a reed pipe monotonous changes on about five different notes.

Its very monotony impressed it indelibly on the mind, and to hear it instantly recalls snake charmers and the Kutchee Kutchee dance, but the same notes here are used by the itinerant glazier, who, with a high wooden frame strapped to his back containing panes of glass of various sizes, is endeavoring to attract the attention of the woman in the third story of the house across the street, who has a broken window.

It is somewhat startling in the middle of an avenue crowded with carriages suddenly to hear a steam whistle, and one often has to hunt for nearly a minute to see whence the sound comes, if the carriages are densely packed, and then be guided by a thin line of ascending smoke, and, to the astonished gaze, is disclosed a perfect but diminutive model of a locomotive, about five feet long, mounted on a pushcart, the locomotive being duly equipped with a real steam whistle, the blowing of which at intervals has attracted attention.

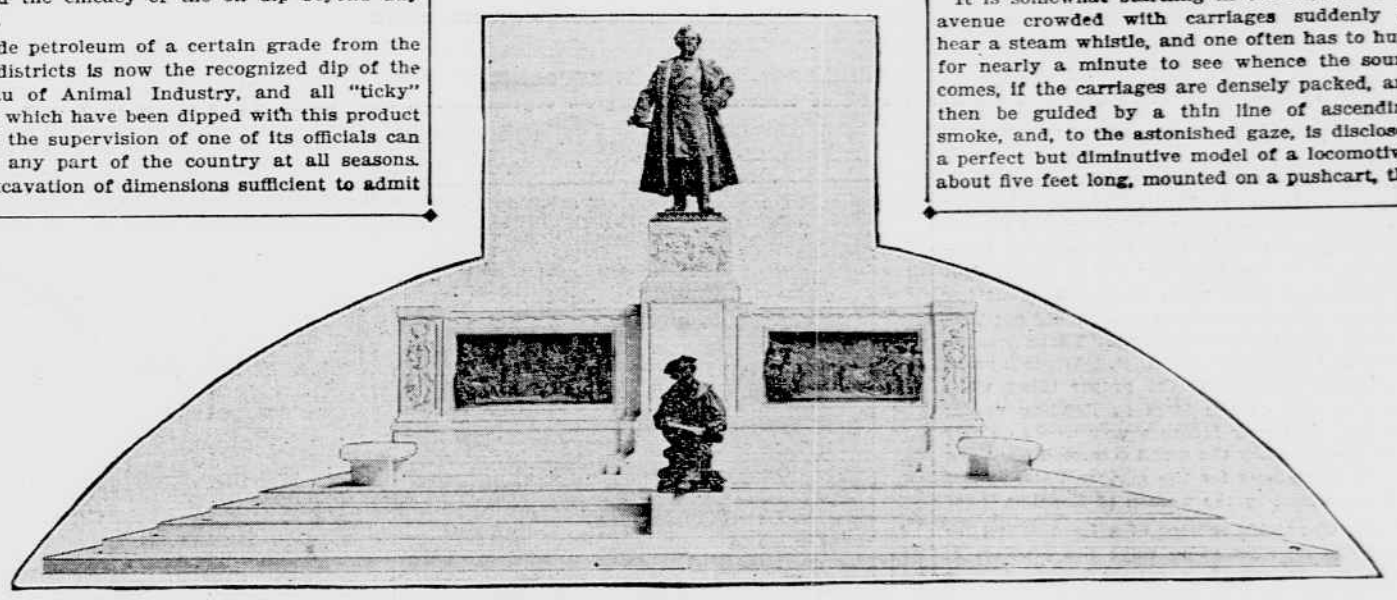
It is the chestnut vender who thus advertises his wares, and who opens the firebox to give you roasted chestnuts, or the boiler of the locomotive if you prefer them boiled.

Should you hear the music of a triangle on the streets of Buenos Ayres, and see a man carrying a red cylinder on his back, looking like a water cooler or the chemical fire extinguishers used in the United States, and followed by a crowd of small boys, don't assume that this is the Argentine fireman on his way to a fire, but watch him for a minute, and you will see one of the small boys pluck his sleeve, at which he will stop, unsling the red cylinder from his back, and set it on the ground, being instantly encircled by the crowd.

The top of the cylinder is divided off into spaces which are numbered from one to ten, and in the centre is a pointer that can be rapidly revolved on a fixed centre like a roulette wheel.

The boy who has stopped the vender pays his penny with the air of a Crœsus, and, with a breathless audience, gives the pointer a twist, and when it stops the vender opens the cylinder and hands to the small boy as many packages of sweets as the number calls for.

There are no blanks, as the sporting spirit of the small boy is not sufficiently developed to play for all or nothing, but there is no doubt that it tends to cultivate that national vice in Argentina, gambling, which is indulged in by all classes, rich and poor alike, from horse racing to the national lottery, tickets being sold on the streets for the weekly drawing of from



MEMORIAL TO BE ERECTED FOR COLONEL SAMUEL COLT, THE FAMOUS REVOLVER MANUFACTURER.
(J. Massey Rhind, sculptor and designer.)